Pig and Pepper

"Please, then," said Alice, "how am I to get in?"

"There might be some sense in your knocking," the Footman went on without attending to her, "if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were *inside*, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know." He was looking up into the sky all the time he was speaking, and this Alice thought decidedly uncivil. "But perhaps he can't help it," she said to herself: "his eyes are so *very* nearly at the top of his head. But at any rate he might answer questions. How am I to get in?" she repeated aloud.

"I shall sit here," the Footman remarked, "till to-morrow——

At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate came skimming out, straight at the Footman's head: it just grazed his nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind him.

"—— or next day, maybe," the Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

"How am I to get in?" asked Alice again in a louder tone.

"*Are* you to get in at all?" said the Footman. "That's the first question, you know." *Pig and Pepper*

It was, no doubt: only Alice did not like to be told so. "It's really dreadful," she muttered to herself, "the way all the